

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE  
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THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

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SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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Walter A. Dyer

Mary Merwin Phelps

Bessie L. Putnam



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# Our Dumb Animals

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The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
—COWPER



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To every reader of our magazine, whether identified with us as a member of our Societies or not, we send a sincere and cordial Christmas Greeting. May some gladness reach out its hand to each and make, for that one day at least, life's burdens lighter!

It is with profound regret that we announce the serious illness of Mrs. Geo. T. Angell, widow of the founder of our two Societies. Though ninety years of age, she walked from her apartment to our offices, a distance of half a mile, just a week before she was stricken.

From Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, who very graciously spoke in behalf of our anti-steel-trap bill in his radio talk the Sunday before election, comes this message to President Rowley: "I congratulate you on your splendid victory! May God bless your efforts."

Every woman whose conscience disturbs her when she wears furs can greatly help reduce the cruelties connected with the use of the torturing steel trap by asking in every woman's clothing store she enters if they have samples of fur fabric, or any furs from fur farms.

A judge in Norway has ruled that impaling a minnow on a hook for bait comes under the head of cruelty to animals.

January 1, 1930, there were 202,000 horses in New England; cattle and calves 1,137,000. The increase in value of horses and cattle during 1929 was \$4,834,000.

In an endeavor to stop game waste, the State of Washington recently added to its game laws a statute making it a punishable offense for a hunter to fail properly to dress, care for and utilize his kill within twenty-four hours. The law calls for a fine of not less than \$250, nor more than \$1000.

## A Sweeping Victory

Our Anti-Steel-Trap Bill Becomes Law by a Majority Vote of 329,999

LAST month this page was devoted to our Anti-Steel-Trap Campaign, and the plea was "Vote Yes on Question No. 3." The eventful day of the State Election came, November 4. Our measure abolishing the steel trap was on the ballot under the referendum plan whereby, having been defeated in the Legislature, we could appeal to the people. According to the law we had to secure 30% of the total vote cast and a majority "yes" vote over the "no" vote. Defeat was possible. Our opponents had spared no pains to secure a victory for themselves. Then, when the polls closed on election day and the returns began to come in we waited in hope, but prepared to say that, if defeated, we had left no stone unturned that could have made for success. Long, however, before the final vote was known it became evident that we had won the battle. Won it? Yes, won it by such a smashing vote as we had not dared to anticipate. Those who had stood with us against the cruelty to our fur-bearing animals for which the steel trap has been responsible for so long were more than twice the number of those who were against us. With us, 589,013. Against us, 259,014. Our majority 329,999. We had not only 30% of the entire vote but we had 50% of it.

The campaign represented, we believe, the greatest piece of publicity for a humane measure, so far as time and money and organized effort go, ever put over in anything like the same period in this country. Even if we had lost the vote we sought, the campaign would have been well worth the cost. Tens of thousands of people were awakened to the claims of animals for

fair play who had never before given the matter any serious consideration.

The Anti-Steel-Trap League is deeply grateful to the press of the Commonwealth for the generous support given it. The papers which were not with us were few and far between. To the nobly responding friends and organizations which helped with their influence and contributions we render our sincerest gratitude. To the Managing Director, Mr. Howard Noble, more than to all the rest of us has been due our triumph. Indefatigably working days and often far into the night, he planned and put into operation an organization that covered the entire state and through which the victory was won. Had it not been that he was able upon the death of Dr. Edward Breck, who started the movement, to take up the task and give to it his experience as an organizer and publicity official, failure and not success would have been our lot.

On behalf of the officials and Directors of the League,

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
Anti-Steel-Trap League

It is reported that women toreadors are employed in Portugal to stimulate the waning interest in the sport of bull-fighting.

A word of wisdom:

"We are learning with every other nation, and with astonishment, the simple economic law that we cannot sell unless the other nations can buy. This means that they must prosper, too, or we cannot prosper. This simple discovery may transform the world as much as the airplane will."



### The Captive Grizzly

ADELAIDE WILSON ARNOLD

*Around the pit, with even, hopeless tread,  
I watch the captive grizzly come and go,  
An endless protest making with the slow  
And melancholy motion of his head.*

*Crowds pause and pass; the eager children  
peer  
In fearful wonder through his iron gate,  
Some pitiful, some proud that strength so  
great  
Is caged to make a seven days' wonder here.*

*He heeds them not; with small unseeing eyes  
He keeps his weary round unceasingly,  
Dumb instinct urging his sad exercise  
Lest death too soon should come to set him  
free.*

*O sleep, more kind than men, free him in  
dreams  
To climb far peaks and drink from snow-fed  
streams!*

### Dogs in the "Talkies"

FOR the information and benefit of members of the Jack London Club the letter which follows deserves more than passing notice. In brief it describes a vicious and menacing form of animal exploitation, viz., the role that dogs are being trained and compelled to play in the talking motion pictures:

I recently attended a "talkie" comedy entitled "Dogville Show." Can nothing be done to stop such cruelty and humiliation?

The comedy consisted of showing a number of dogs getting ready to put on a show. They are dressed hideously; they walk on their hind legs *all* of the time, and they go into the dressing room to put on make-ups in the most un-doglike manner and posture. Each dog's mouth opens and shuts constantly, while a human voice talks for them and expresses what they are *supposed* to think. They are made to sit in chairs, and go on to the stage when the curtain rises. The plot consists of a love scene where the Turkish sultan chooses a bride. The dogs all are forced to bring the sultan dog in, and dance and smoke and wear glasses. They are on their hind legs still, and the play has several acts. While Al Jolson's song is sung by a human voice a black dog must dance and keep up that horrible grimacing.

I cannot describe all they do, but there is every appearance and suggestion of continuous torture. Not one human is present. The dogs seem to be strapped up, and even the audience in the comedy consists of dogs, who must register every emotion as humans do. It's the worst thing I've ever seen. It seems to be a freakish and fiendish exhibition of animal training. It is discouraging to try to teach children to be kind in the face of such sinister and baleful influences as have been briefly described.

(Signed) VIOLET BLYTHE CLIFF

Are you enough of a friend to animals to join a movement, without any expense to yourself, which would put a check on cruelty to many thousands of "voiceless victims," viz., the performing and captive animals? If so, JOIN THE JACK LONDON CLUB!



International Newsreel Photo

### THE CLEVERER THE PERFORMANCE, THE GREATER THE CRUELTY REQUIRED TO OBTAIN IT

A great deal of rubbish is talked about animals on the stage performing tricks which they do naturally in their wild state, but if this were true there would be no necessity for the training which has to be gone through, and any man would be able to earn a good salary simply by importing these animals and taking them on the stage.

I have seen things done to animals which are too revolting to describe in print. In spite of this, no trainer would admit that he had treated his animals with unnecessary cruelty. Fear is the only thing which will make animals perform difficult tricks in front of an audience night after night, and fear is produced by cruelty. The man who does not harden his heart and disregard the sufferings of animals will never be able to train animals for the stage. Kindness is of no use.

From "The Pitiful Story of the Performing Animal"

### An Optimistic Critic

After contrasting this season's bull-fighting at the Valencia Fair with that of fifty years ago, Riano, the bull-fighting critic of the newspaper *El Pueblo* (Valencia) says:

"There is no need for speculating on what will be said in 1980 about the comparison between bull-fighting of today with what will prevail then, for I am firmly convinced that within half a century the 'corridas de toros' will have disappeared."

### A Letter of Approval

Dear Mr. Richardson:

It was with great pleasure that I read the story entitled "Bear Facts" in your issue of October, 1930. I have done so much personally and through our magazine during the past 20 years for bear protec-

tion that this story certainly hit the bull's eye with me.

I note also that you are advocating the abolishment of steel traps in the pursuit of all animals, which is a splendid thing.

With kind regards and hoping that you will keep up the good work, I remain

Very sincerely yours,

J. A. MCGUIRE  
Publisher, *Outdoor Life*

"Make yourself acquainted with the local game laws," urges Dr. John B. May, director of ornithology in Massachusetts. "If you see a prospective violator, warn him of the laws. If you learn of any actual violations, notify the nearest warden or the chief warden at the State House at once. It is only by the co-operation of bird lovers, true sportsmen and the authorized officials that our wild life can be protected."

### The Shepherd Boy's Song

MARY WILDER PEASE

*I like to think at Christmas time  
My sheep must surely know  
About the flocks that saw the star  
So long, so long ago.*

*The sky was black above their fold  
When, lo, the dark was gone;  
A radiant star dispelled the gloom,  
The white sheep thought it morn.*

*The wond'ring shepherds knelt in prayer,  
Then bade their good dog stay  
And guard the straying lambs with care.  
They must be on their way.*

*The guiding star with points of flame,  
Swung low above the hay  
Where sleeping mid the sweet-breathed kine  
A baby shepherd lay.*

*The greatest Shepherd of them all—  
The ages all repeat  
His "Follow me, oh, follow me,"  
His "Feed, oh, feed my sheep."*

### A Modern Noah's Ark

WILLIAM ALPHONSO MURRILL

IN a certain Florida lake there is an island which is much used as a pasture for cattle. During heavy storms, however, the waves sweep over it and the cattle must be taken to the mainland in large flatboats kept there for the purpose.

Although the surface of the island is for the most part low and level, there is one spot elevated a few feet above the rest, and on it there is a large shed used for storing fodder, hay, and other supplies for times of drought and seasons when the pasture is naturally scant.

Not long ago the owner of the island had occasion to visit it during a stormy period when all the low land had been submerged for several days. Imagine his surprise when he found the shed to be a veritable Noah's Ark!

The waves dashed about its base, making it appear as if afloat, and within it were all the survivors of the island. There were rabbits, squirrels, birds of many varieties, rattlesnakes, hoop snakes, lizards, tortoises, insects, and other kinds of animal life too numerous to mention.

And to add to his surprise, all of them appeared to be living together peaceably. It seemed strange to find the rattler and his natural prey so close together. The hawks, too, perched near what might have been their victims under other circumstances, without molesting them in the least.

It occurred to the owner that the cause of this peculiar phenomenon was probably fear. The animals had been driven from their homes and hiding-places by the rising water, which threatened their very lives, and those that had been fortunate enough to reach this haven of refuge were still living in terror.

If the refugees had been human beings, he might have explained the situation somewhat differently. Possibly gratitude for their deliverance might have been powerful enough, for a few days at least, to prevent the strong and the wicked from preying upon the weak. Who can tell?



### They Can't Talk, but Don't They Think?

WALTER A. DYER

THERE is an old legend to the effect that on Christmas Eve, at midnight, a reverent listener may hear the farm animals talking together at their mangers. I do not know the origin of this belief or superstition, but I suspect it to have been, like many of our Christmas legends, of pagan derivation. One likes to think, however, that it has been handed down from the morning, nearly two thousand years ago, when the cattle in a tavern byre in Bethlehem were talking together and praising God because a Child had been born in their midst—a Child who was to right all injustices and to teach all men and animals that they are brothers and not antagonists.

I fear I am too much of a modern skeptic ever to hope to hear the animals talking together on Christmas Eve, but sometimes when I go out to the barn late at night it does almost seem as if they were holding wordless communion. I seldom find them asleep, and as I listen to their deep breathing, and the occasional grunt of a ruminating cow, I cannot help wondering what they are thinking about. Is it of me? For surely they recognize my footstep and are not in the least alarmed by my nocturnal invasion of their privacy. Or perhaps they are not thinking at all. Perhaps they are only passively conscious of comfort. I wonder.

Possibly the animal psychologists will some day be able to discover just what it is that goes on in the brains of animals, and whether or not they reason and reflect, but I doubt it. Very likely speculation on this matter is futile, but I find it vastly interesting just the same.

Leaving out of account the intelligence of the dog—for it is difficult to stop when one gets started on that subject—let me tell you of a cow that I know. She is a sweet-faced Jersey with a somewhat defective voice and a strong love for apples. She belongs to my next-door neighbor. Last fall she began to appear occasionally in my orchard. My neighbor has a small herd, but this was the only one that came, so it was evident that the fence was not down.

On her first visit my dog spied her and started off at her heels. She disappeared, and later I called up her owner on the telephone. He replied that all his cows were safely at home, and my dog, unfortunately, was unable to offer any explanation. My neighbor inspected the fences and found them intact. The same thing happened again, and it began to look like a mystery.

The third time she visited me the dog was in the house and she came down to touch noses with my cow over my pasture fence. I tried to catch her, but she trotted off and went straight home, around by way of the road.

Finally her owner caught her in the act of making her exit. She was on her knees, crawling under the fence at a place where there was a hollow in the ground. He thought she had managed to dig the hollow a bit deeper herself. A little later he came over to my house and told me about it. I had not seen the cow, but he said she was doubtless in my orchard and he would fetch her. He promised later to drive stakes into the ground where she had crawled through. He went up into the orchard with his dog, and presently returned.

"Did you see her?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said he. "As soon as she caught sight of 'Toby' and me she crawled back home again under the fence."

I have known of cows before who would get down on their knees and crawl under a wire fence, but this was the first time I had ever heard of one who knew enough to find the spot from the other side and crawl back again. It struck me as extraordinarily intelligent for a cow, but did it prove the power of reasoning, of constructive thought?

It is a question that has occasioned endless controversy among naturalists. John Burroughs, in at least two of his books—"Leaf and Tendril" and "The Summit of the Years"—has considered it exhaustively and has presented a hundred examples of apparent reasoning on the part of animals. Yet he consistently refused to admit that animals reason. They understand only what is necessary for their existence and propagation; their intelligence seldom ex-

tends beyond this. Yet may not this suggest a sort of thinking?

The truth of the matter is—and even Burroughs is led into admitting it—that there is a process of thought in many animals which cannot be explained by mere instinct or response to specific stimuli. Whether or not this constitutes reasoning is largely a matter of definition. "Animal conduct," says Burroughs, "parallels human conduct in many particulars, but to say that it is the result of the same mental processes is, I believe, to make a capital mistake." Not the same mental processes, probably, but yet undeniably some mental process.

Another naturalist and keen observer, W. H. Hudson, discusses the same question in "A Hind in Richmond Park." He, too, denies that animals think as human beings do, but he insists that they do think—as animals. They do not reason in precisely the human sense, but they do reason in an animal sense. Ideas in sequence occur to them and they appear to exercise the powers of selection and judgment. Hudson recognizes "a definite mind-life in animals."

Whether or not this process of intelligent understanding constitutes reasoning is largely an academic question, and if man cannot fully comprehend it in terms of his own mental processes it is largely because of human intellectual limitations. In any case, the evidences of this intelligence are among the most fascinating things that nature has to offer for the study of the observer.

### *They'd Look Better Alive*

A man was called over to a small truck standing in the street where lay stretched out stiff and pathetic in death the carcass of a magnificent antlered deer.

"Ain't he fine? I got him myself up in the mountains," exclaimed the truckman proudly.

"He'd look a whole lot finer to me if I saw him alive up in the big hills where he ought to be," coolly replied the disgusted onlooker as he leisurely walked away. His better sentiment was shared by everyone present.  
—*Pueblo Indicator*



AN EIGHTEEN-MONTHS-OLD BABY

### *The Largest Mammal*

GENEVRA A. COWAN

RECALLING that nature has equipped the powerful elephant to be an expert swimmer, it is with genuine regret that animal lovers behold caged members of that class in a small enclosure, which, at best, often contains only a bucket of water, inadequate indeed for the animal's aquatic pleasures. In its own habitat, the elephant may be observed standing up to its neck in water for hours at a time. Almost equal pleasure does he derive from squirting the water over his strange wrinkled flesh, luxuriating in its coolness.

The baby elephant photographed—he was only about 18 months old and measured 30 inches from the ground—was confined in a wire enclosure and, in addition, a heavy chain was bound about one leg. Above the center of the enclosure, a number of palm leaves had been placed so that he might be protected a little at least from the warm sun. What different surroundings, nevertheless, from the cool jungle depths into which this baby had been born such a short time before! Indeed, a child who was standing nearby, could not help but sense the poor little fellow's discomfort as he teetered miserably and restlessly back and forth. She answered her own question concerning his behavior: "I guess it's his way of fanning himself!"

In the countries to which the elephant is native, Asia, Ceylon, Sumatra, Africa, the intelligence of the animal is well-known. He is an economic factor, indeed, for he is of invaluable assistance in piling and moving lumber. He pushes the huge logs with his trunk as well as his tusks, for he utilizes the bony part of his head as a battering ram.

When the baby elephant loses his "milk" teeth or incisors, the tusks take their place, increasing in size as the elephant develops. These tusks, which are composed of "a fine elastic dentine with a tip of enamel," comprise the valuable ivory of commerce. The tusks are useful to the animal in uprooting plants or holding his enemies at bay.

Because only one calf is born to a female each year, the elephant matures very slowly, running under his mother's body for protection. The baby in the picture came from Siam in a crate built of sections of rubber trees. At first he was fed through a huge bottle, then later through a section of bamboo. Still later his "baby" appetite demanded four gallons of boiled rice, two quarts of seedless raisins, several heads of lettuce, and quarts of milk daily.

Do not give children books at Christmas on hunting, robbery, murder or war. Choose better ones.

### *Rabbits and Automobiles*

L. E. EUBANKS

MOTORISTS kill one rabbit for every mile of United States roadway in a year. The State Fish and Game Commission of New Jersey has ordered 20,000 western cottontails to replace unfortunate eastern cottontails run over by automobiles. The westerners will be delivered in the spring.

A surprising number of rabbits are found along highways—many more at night than in daytime. Whether they come out of the chilly woods to lie in the warm sand or dust of the road; or have learned that bits of food are thrown from passing cars, has been debated.

My own opinion is that they are attracted by the automobile lights; for this is true of many other animals, some of whom do not care to lie in dust. Lights in the woods at night, particularly the two big "eyes" of a car, would very naturally arouse the interest of as curious a creature as the rabbit.

Whatever the reason, rabbits do get into the road at night, and a great many are killed. The glare of the lamps blinds them. It does not matter how fast they might run under other circumstances; they are now too confused and frightened to do much of anything, especially when they see the monster bearing directly down upon them. They either run along weakly in front of the machine, or squat helplessly; being killed or wounded in either case.

Every motorist who drives on country roads at night should add this consideration for animals to the other reasons for care. There are many small creatures that have almost no chance to evade a swiftly moving car. Driving fast through a dark woodland, you don't know how many cripples you leave behind to suffer and die.

### *The Female Canine*

LESTER BANKS

POPULAR attitude against the female canine is a groundless prejudice, as the citation of a few facts will prove.

As a rule she has a keener brain than her brother, and often a better body; not as much muscular strength perhaps, but greater suppleness and endurance. She invariably makes the better watch-dog, because she is mentally keener, quicker, more alert.

One of the best proofs of the female's superiority over her brother is found in the dog teams of the North. No dogs are more severely tried than those that draw sleds over Arctic ice and snows. The driver selects the best animal of his pack for the leader, and usually this is a female. She is lighter, swifter and more willing. She understands instructions quickly and obeys promptly. In Labrador, Greenland, and the frozen islands to the north of Canada, one seldom sees a male leader in a dog team. It is the rule to use a female when one is procurable.

While the female has greater possibilities, she is more easily spoiled by her master's mistakes. Being more sensitive, more delicately organized in general, ill-treatment cuts deeper, with a more lasting effect. It is significant that people who really know dogs prefer the female, while the novice fails with her.



**"Outside Are Dogs"**

BERTHA A. ELLIS

*Outside the gates, the pearly gates,  
They wait, above the stars,  
Peering with eager, wistful eyes  
Between the golden bars,  
Hoping the man they loved on earth,  
Or the little boy who died  
May wander to the gates and pat  
The little heads outside.*

*I do not feel that I could rest  
Within the gates of gold,  
Knowing those loving, faithful hearts  
Were waiting in the cold.  
So when the call for me shall come  
To cross the great divide,  
Perhaps the Lord will let me have  
A little place outside.*

**Familiar (?) Quotations**

DAVID LEE WHARTON

**A** DOG'S oath of allegiance: "My master, may he always be right, but right or wrong, my master!"

"A dog there was, even as yours and mine—and he made his prayer—even as yours and mine—to a voice, a touch, and a bunch of conceit, which would not, could not, understand."

"Out of sight, out of mind" applies to humans only.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead" that he can return, unashamed, the dying gaze of the innocent dumb creature which he has wantonly slaughtered for "sport"?

"A man's foes are those of his own household." This does not include the dog upon his hearthstone.

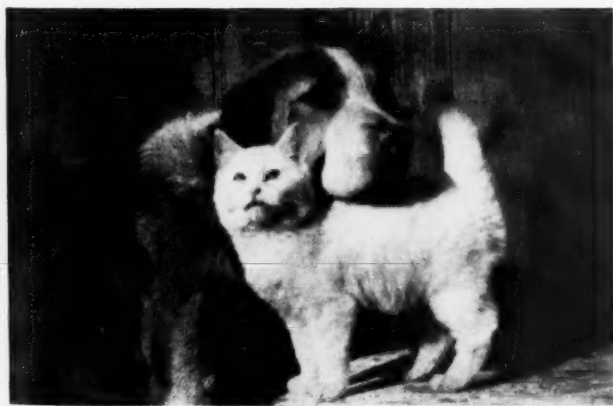
"Love is of a man's life a thing apart," 'tis a dog's whole existence.

"Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love!" Dogs have died and worms have eaten them, all for love.

"Hell hath no fury" like a dog when defending his human friends.

From the mouth of a "lower" animal might have proceeded, most pertinently, these words of Omar Khayyam: "Of this base metal may be formed a key which shall unlock the door ye howl without."

**"Be Kind to Animals" Anniversary, April 20-25; Humane Sunday, April 19, 1931.**



A REAL "CAT AND DOG" FRIENDSHIP

**"Duke Strongheart"**

MARY MERWIN PHELPS

**D**UKE" has been in the Strong family since he was a puppy, three years ago. From that day he has been the close companion and assistant of his master. The dog seems to sense the responsibility of being near to help him in his duties as station master in the tiny village of Azalia, Michigan.

It should be said that Mr. Strong had the misfortune to lose one hand, but Duke fully compensates his master for the loss. He is as good almost as a hand and arm and better than a pair of legs, as we shall shortly verify. The young son of the family, Julian Strong, has a claim also on the dog, Duke, though he has been away at college and now is teaching away from home, so that he sees Duke only for brief intervals. The dog remains devoted to him, nevertheless, and will do quite as much for the son as for the father. Indeed, Duke seems to have sold himself to the entire Strong family. However, the daily presence of the dog and senior master at the depot together has welded a peculiarly sympathetic bond between them.

I have spoken of Duke's station duties. He fetches and carries with the greatest dispatch and willingness. Here are a few of the many taught tricks, or better, acts, that Duke does at Mr. Strong's command.

"Duke, bring the lantern." Duke hesitates. He is slightly embarrassed by the strangers who look down upon him with the least bit of patronizing. "Bring the lantern, Duke. You know where it is." The voice of the master is resonant with affection. There is nothing Duke would not try to do for him. Duke started off towards the inner office, stooped to take a drink of water from the pail that stands there, and continued on his way. Duke was soon back and set the lantern down at his master's feet.

"Come now Duke, show us your harness," and the dog put his breast-strap between his teeth. "Now, sit up." And he sat on his haunches. "Now, yawn." And Duke gave a long and vigorous yawn altogether like a human. But he was far from sleepy. "Now get my gloves out of my pocket," and Duke reached up and nosed around into the coat pocket where he found an old pair of brown suede gloves. "Now get my handkerchief." Duke pulled out a fresh clean handkerchief

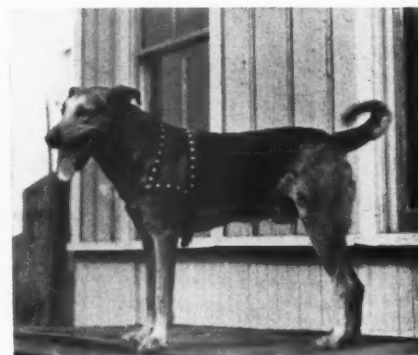
from the trousers' pocket. These were Sunday clothes, remember, not the usual workaday ones.

A gentleman in the group of visitors expressed his amazement. "It is most remarkable. The dog seems to understand what is said to him. Is that not so, Mr. Strong?"

"He knows what I mean. He uses his brain. And I do not help him. I never point. I ask him quietly to do something and he does it." He turned again to Duke. "Shut the door." And Duke

went over and pushed the door to.

"Now bring me the seal-book," and Duke trotted obediently into the next room, while Mr. Strong explained this new act. "The seal-book is one in which we keep our records of sealed cars." He picked up a metal band from the floor and examined it. "This one is marked, 'A-369580,' which I recorded carefully in the book. Duke



WONDER DOG OF AZALIA, MICHIGAN

watches all that, then at my command he puts the seal-book back into its proper cubby-hole." Duke was already standing patiently waiting for the station-master to take the book from him. There is no patting and "Good-dogging" to Duke. He is too dignified to be treated like a puppy.

We moved into the inner office. "Suppose you put the seal-book into another place, would he recognize it just the same?" asked one of the party.

"Try it and see," replied Mr. Strong. The record-book was changed from its accustomed place to another compartment. Duke was then requested to fetch the seal-book. He climbed onto the table in front of the book-file, looked into the usual pigeon-hole, glanced out of the window and then at a person standing near, as though he suspected a thief had made way with the book, then turned again to the case and found the book in its new niche.

"Now, Duke, bring me my bunch of keys," and the dog pulled and worked at a key-ring and finally extracted it from the lock of the office desk. "Now, will you stamp the ticket for me?" Duke climbed still higher onto a stand in front of the ticket-counter and with a firm, sure stroke pressed the stamper down.

"I never heard of such a marvelous dog," exclaimed one of the ladies present. "Why, he can do everything but talk."

"And I expect to train him to do that some day," said Mr. Strong. "He has done everything I ever tried to do with him. He comes from the Strongheart strain of German shepherd dogs."

"And he belongs to the Strong family," we said to ourselves. The wonder of "Duke the Strongheart" lies as much in the master as in himself. Love, patience, persistence—these have made the dog famed in all the country round.

**Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.**

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

DECEMBER, 1930

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

### Deforming the Horse

CAN any real lover of his horse give the order that means cutting off the tail Nature gave this noble beast? We refuse to believe it. Neither do we believe that the owners of saddle horses who have their horses' tails set up really love the animals. To comply with such a senseless fad at the expense of the suffering caused the horse is evidence enough of our statement. The set-up tail is a disfiguring of the horse in the eyes of every real horse lover. This is the opinion of every person but one with whom we have talked, even judges at the horse show have written us hoping the wretched practice might be stopped.

At the last annual meeting of the humane societies of the United States we introduced this resolution:

Akin to the cruel and senseless practice of docking horses' tails, a practice now steadily dying out and forbidden in most of our states, there exists another practice, nearly, if not quite as cruel, of setting up the tails of saddle horses. This severing of the cords that give the horse control of his tail, and then holding it in an unnatural position by ropes and pulleys for days until the wounds heal, demands the condemnation of all humane people and, above all, of all humane societies.

Be it therefore

*Resolved:* That this Association express its determination, through the various societies it represents, to create a wide-spread public opinion against this cruelty and to see that wherever this act of cruelty is performed and the evidence is obtainable the offenders are brought before the court as violators of our anti-cruelty laws.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payment of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

### The Lobster in Court

WE are reproducing here a report from Berlin which will be of interest to many of our readers. Complaints come to us frequently of the cruel treatment of lobsters. So far, when seeking for a warrant, the courts have refused it on the ground that the lobster was of too low a form of life in its nervous structure to suffer pain as we know it. Dr. David Starr Jordan, held to be the greatest living authority on fish, once told us the same thing. We can only hope it is true.

Berlin, Oct. 26.—(By Universal Service.)—Has a lobster any feelings?

This was the question debated in the strangest proceedings ever witnessed in a Berlin court which attracted attention not only throughout Germany but re-echoed throughout Europe.

For it involved a complaint against a fish merchant for "cruelty" to a lobster brought by one of Germany's most famous officers, Col. Haroun el Raschid Bey, whose romantic and colorful career in Turkey surpasses fiction.

Col. Haroun el Raschid Bey is a German who became a Turk when he was adopted by a Turkish family. He was a war flyer in charge of heavy bombing planes, and officer on the staff of Enver Pasha and inspector general of machine gun formation under Gen. Liman von Sanders. He has been decorated with high German and Turkish orders and is the possessor of the German life-saving medal.

Col. Haroun el Raschid Bey charged a fish merchant with "cruelty" to a lobster by displaying it in his shop window with its front claws bound by a string.

Attracted by this lobster who struggled hopelessly against the window-pane the colonel asked the fish dealer to release the animal. The fish dealer told the colonel to go about his business, whereupon the officer complained to the officials for prevention of cruelty to animals.

The fish merchant was arrested and brought before a civil court. Three experts, including one professor of biology and a director of the Berlin aquarium testified in the case.

The colonel declared that the lobster, lying helpless against the window-pane and struggling to free itself was suffering torture and he, as an officer and lover of animals, could not see the lobster suffer any more than he could see a human being suffer.

"I am the possessor of the highest German medal for life saving," he said. "But it is of equal concern to me whether I come to the rescue of a human being or an animal who is suffering."

The professor of biology testified that it was difficult to state whether a lobster had any feelings or suffered, since only the lobster itself could tell. The director of the aquarium declared, however, that the lobster had feelings and that binding the claws of the lobster in the manner charged against the fish merchant was "cruelty to animals."

The judge decided that the lobster in fact did have feeling and that it had suffered torture, but suspended the fine of \$10 on the ground that the fish merchant could not be held entirely responsible for conditions he did not realize.

Whether lobsters can suffer or not, we

should never plunge them into boiling water. Dropped into luke-warm water, which is finally raised to the boiling point, they are asphyxiated, or become unconscious, before suffering is possible.

### The Harmless (?) Rodeo

We hear often of the harmless character of the rodeo. No cruelty to animals at least. Still injured steers that have to be shot and horses that give every evidence of suffering by reason of some exhibitions through which they are put belie the statement. The human actors in these shows who voluntarily take the chance of injury are in a different class from that of the unfortunate animals. At the Madison Square Garden last month ten performers were hurt, two seriously, according to the New York papers. Here is the report:

Pete Schwartz of American Falls, Idaho, suffered a fractured skull when the steer he was wrestling dragged him across the arena and battered him against a concrete wall. Irvin Collins of Miles City, Mont., received painful injuries when his mount "Whoopie," threw him over his head and rolled over his body.

Eight other performers were injured, none seriously, in a mounted basketball game.

Of course we are sorry for the performers but more sorry by far for the horses and steers and calves.

### United States Horses in the Bull-ring

Twice of late letters have come to us saying that tourists in Spain were told that many of the horses used in the bull-ring were shipped to Spain for that purpose from the United States. We wrote to Washington for information relative to the report and the following reply has been received:

Dear Dr. Rowley:

I am pleased to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of October 30, 1930, and to state that while in recent years there have been numerous shipments of horse stock to Spain, more especially mules, our records show only one horse to have been given bureau inspection for exportation to that country during the past year. This animal was shipped from New York in November, 1929. We have no knowledge of any horses from the United States having been used in the bull-rings of Spain.

Very truly yours,

J. R. MOHLER  
Chief of Bureau

Since every animal shipped out of this country must be reported to the Department in Washington, we know that at least only one horse went to Spain last year. Had it been true that in former years this report was true, it would seem the Department would have known of it. The report from Spain for 1929, as stated elsewhere in this issue of our magazine, was, men killed in bull-fights 8, horses 3,000, bulls 8,000.

Bull-fighting in Madrid, Spain, in 1929, accounted for the lives of eight men, 3,000 horses and 8,000 bulls. The animals wounded 370 bull-fighters.





Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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#### MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers	11,572
Cases investigated	592
Animals examined	5,373
Number of prosecutions	16
Number of convictions	16
Horses taken from work	69
Horses humanely put to sleep	62
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,065
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	30,406
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	19

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of J. L. Pease of Chicopee and of Miss Minnie J. Cantine of Locke, N. Y.

November 12, 1930.

#### Bear Owner Fined

Once in a while we can teach the road-side keepers of captive animals a lesson. October 27 Paul Jordan, who runs a gasoline station in Northfield, was taken to court by our Officer Pearson of Springfield for failing to provide a caged bear with

#### Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

##### Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*  
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., *Asst. Chief*  
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.  
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.  
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.  
C. G. HALL, D.V.M.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

##### Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR OCTOBER

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	650	Cases	1,950
Dogs	475	Dogs	1,573
Cats	166	Cats	343
Horses	6	Birds	26
Birds	2	Rabbits	4
Goat	1	Horses	3
		Alligator	1
Operations	584		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915			91,373
Dispensary Cases			186,824
Total			278,197

#### MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

##### Convictions in October

For failing to provide proper food and shelter for a bear, defendant was found guilty and fined \$100. A second defendant in same action pleaded guilty and case was filed.

For non-feeding stock, fine \$25. Beating dog, pleaded not guilty, fined \$25 in lower court; appealed, pleaded *nolo* in Superior Court, fined \$10.

Beating horse, pleaded guilty, fined \$25. Failing to provide proper feed for two horses and eleven cattle, guilty, case filed. Inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon cow, warrant issued but defendant disappeared. He was apprehended six months later, fined \$25 and jailed for non-payment.

Cruelly driving a horse that was unfit for labor, defendant was fined \$100. Upon his appeal to Superior Court he was given six months at House of Correction.

For cruelly treating dog by throwing hot water upon him, defendant was fined \$30, payable \$2 per week.

Permitting use of horse that was unfit for labor, \$10 fine.

Subjecting cow to unnecessary suffering and cruelty, fine \$30, suspended for one year.

Driving horse unfit for labor, convicted, three months at House of Correction.

For overcrowding fowls, fined \$25.

Driving galled horse, sentenced thirty days in jail, appealed, sentence reaffirmed in Superior Court.

Driving horse unfit for labor, guilty, case filed.

Overloading a horse, fined \$50, appealed, pleaded guilty in Superior Court and case was filed.

Cruelly driving horse unfit for labor, fine \$20, two weeks to pay.

Working pair of horses unfit for labor, \$10 fine.

Application for killing horse that was seized, court ordered same destroyed and that it had no value.

proper food, drink and shelter. He was fined a hundred dollars. We hope he has learned his lesson. If not, his troubles are not ended.

#### Auxiliary Fair at the Vendome

Annual Event to Benefit Animals Held Under Distinguished Patronage

**A**GAIN the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. demonstrated their ability to conduct a successful fair when the annual sale in behalf of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital was held all day, November 10, at the Hotel Vendome, Boston. One of the largest parlors in the hotel was devoted to an unusual display of attractive merchandise of all kinds, while the adjoining rooms were given up to bridge and to a cafeteria. Generous patrons responded liberally, with the result that a goodly sum was realized to replenish the treasury of the Auxiliary. Mrs. Clarke, president, and her officers and many able assistants should be congratulated upon this successful social event, held amidst artistic surroundings.

The bridge, which took place at two o'clock and was attended by about 100 women, was in charge of Mrs. Arthur W. Hurlburt, assisted by Mrs. Edward C. Brown, Mrs. E. L. Klahre, and Mrs. H. E. Prescott.

The seeress, who told many fortunes during the day, was Mrs. Marion W. Herbert.

The numerous attractive tables were presided over by the following ladies: apron, Miss C. C. Olmstead, chairman, Mrs. A. H. Smith, Mrs. Marion Nicholson, and Miss Sarah E. Addie; candy, Mrs. Charles F. Rowley, chairman, Mrs. Francis H. Rowley, Miss Alice Rowley, and Mrs. Esmond Rowley; children's Mrs. F. A. Morrill, chairman, Mrs. William J. Underwood, and Mrs. Earl Reed Van Sickle; food, Mrs. Fred B. Kimball, chairman, Miss Fanny Fay Gray, Mrs. Frank Rogers, Miss Josephine Collins, and Mrs. William L. Edwards; household, Mrs. Howard F. Woodward, chairman, Mrs. George H. Wright, and Miss Helen W. Potter; literature, Mrs. Guy Richardson; white elephant, Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, chairman, Mrs. C. R. Cowan, and Mrs. M. E. MacNutt.

The cafeteria was conducted during the lunch and supper hours under the direction of Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, assisted by Mrs. Marion W. Herbert.

The affair was held under the patronage of the following well-known women: Mrs. Frank G. Allen, Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller, Mrs. Langdon Frothingham, Mrs. Charles E. Boaker, Mrs. Harold Donham, Mrs. William Cox, Mrs. Charles G. Bancroft, Mrs. Earl Reed Van Sickle, Mrs. William J. Underwood, and Mrs. Ralph H. Baldwin.

At the afternoon tea Mrs. William J. McDonald poured.

To all who assisted in making the affair so successful the sincere thanks of the Auxiliary are hereby extended.

#### The Horses' Christmas Tree

Since there are still several thousand horses in Greater Boston we shall have our Horses' Christmas Tree as usual in Post Office Square on December 24. To reach the horses that cannot come to the tree our trucks will carry generous boxes of grain, carrots and apples between 12 and 1 at noon that day, to various parts of the city where horses are most in use. This object lesson we cannot afford yet to omit! Generous friends have made it possible in the past. We are sure they will do the same this year.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

**Officers of the American Humane Education Society**  
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark. Virginia  
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts

**Field Representative**

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

**Three Hundred Bishops**

THE three hundred bishops of the Church of England, composing the recent Lambeth Conference, resolved unanimously to hold their governments to their solemn pledge to settle international disputes by peaceful means alone.

"It is indeed significant," says one, "of the progress of world opinion against the war system when the heads of one of the conservative religious bodies advises standing with the Quakers if one's government plunges into a needless and illegal war. For the Episcopal Church this course of action in time of war would mean martyrdom under present conditions. It would mean as well a rebirth."

**Amusing**

Canberra, May 3 (AP)—"Join the army and look handsome," has replaced the old "join the navy and see the world" slogan in Australia. After compulsory military training was abolished, the government had trouble in keeping a skeleton force in the ranks. The expenditure of \$1,000,000 for new uniforms solved the problem, and now there are more volunteers than uniforms.

San Francisco Chronicle, May 4, 1930

**The Fondouk at Fez**

WE have, at this writing, just received the report for September of the work in Fez. It is most gratifying. Not only has the daily average of large animals cared for increased from 44, which it was during July and August, to 60, every horse, mule or donkey going out now with a new pair of front shoes, but economies have been effected so that our running expenses for 1930 are going to be kept within the \$6,000 which were required the last year we were in the old Fondouk. Much credit is due Mr. Filleul, our Secretary General, for this. All the friends who have made this noble work possible will be glad to know that a constantly increasing number of animals are being blessed in Fez through their generosity, and at the same time their gifts are being most carefully administered. Perhaps it should be said that no bills are paid and no money sent from the Treasury without the written approval of the president of the Fondouk Maintenance Committee. Some photographs of horses and mules brought to the Fondouk have been sent us with the report which we dare not reproduce here. They are too pitiful.

**Report for September—**

Daily average large animals	60
Daily average dogs	6
Put to sleep—large animals	10
Expenses — salaries — secretary, veterinarians, blacksmith, attendants	\$321.95
Forage and sundries	115.40
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$437.35</b>

First 9 months of 1930—Expenses \$4,563.11

**Still Training for War**

If half of the time and money now spent by many of our cities and towns in training the pupils in our schools in military tactics were spent in quickening within them the impulses and ideals which make for peace instead of war, the hope for the future would be much brighter. To see thousands of young lads marching through our streets to sound of fife and drum and bands, all armed with guns, all in uniform, belies our claim as citizens to seek peace rather than strife. The guns of the nations have blown already enough of the world's young men into eternity, one would think, to satisfy the gods of war till the day of judgment.

**It's the Gun That Does It**

In its October issue the *Nature Magazine* calls attention to the gunners' claim that our game birds have so largely disappeared because of lack of food and cover. Then it says:—

Millions of acres in our land need only the exile of the gun to harbor again the birds that formerly graced their coverts. Banishment of the gun will not soon come, but while it continues each year to bring nearer to extinction the birds it has marked for its own, let us spend less time repeating that game birds cannot live without food and cover. Feed the birds by all means, but do not expect food, or cover, or water to bring dead birds back to life.

**In Memory of an Unusual Horse**

SOME of the North Shore's best known horse lovers and sportsmen and women attended a barn dance at Magnolia last fall in memory of Edith Washburn Clarke's famous saddle horse, "Sir Evelyn," which was humanely put to sleep last year at the M. S. P. C. A. Rest Farm at Methuen. Sir Evelyn, a bay gelding, always shown



EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE WITH HER FAMOUS SADDLE HORSE, "SIR EVELYN"

in the 15:2 and over classes, was an outstanding winner for three years, always shown side-saddle and never beaten in his classes, and when put to rest at the age of twenty-three years was still a phenomenal horse. We are indebted to the *North Shore Breeze* of Manchester for the accompanying interesting illustration. Mrs. Clarke is the popular president of the Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A.

**Two Humanitarians Pass On**

Mr. Sydney Richmond Taber of Princeton, N. J., long identified with humane work in this country and abroad, died suddenly in England last September. He had been for many years a director of the American Humane Education Society of Boston. He is survived by his wife who writes: "He was greatly interested in the cause, and would have rejoiced to know of its success and constant expansion." The sympathy of our Society and of his many friends everywhere is sincerely extended to Mrs. Taber in her bereavement.

On October 12, last, Edward P. Buffet of Stony Brook, L. I., passed away at the age of 68. He was formerly associated with the Hill Publishing Co. of Manhattan. Since his retirement ten years ago Mr. Buffet did much writing for the cause of protection of animals, especially for the American Humane Education Society, the American S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Association. To Mrs. Buffet goes out the sincere sympathy of these organizations.

### New Chicago Dog Pound

WE are happy to announce that after some years of earnest effort on the part of the Chicago Humane Education Society (a branch of the American Humane Education Society of Boston) the city fathers of Chicago have announced definite plans for the erection of a municipal dog pound that will be a real credit to that city. A modern structure, with all the up-to-date fittings, is to be built at 34th Street and Lawndale Avenue, to be known as the Municipal Stray Animal Shelter. It will be operated by the city, though it was sponsored by the Chicago Humane Education Society through a most vigorous campaign, resulting in the city council passing the necessary ordinance. The cost of the building will be approximately \$55,000, though several thousands more are available if needed.

Credit for this great advance in humane work in Chicago is due very largely to Mrs. Charlotte L. Hunt, president of the Society, who points out that the new pound will be a paradise compared to the present one, which has long been a disgrace to the city. The kennels will be kept clean, heated by steam in winter, and each dog will receive good square meals while in the pound. There will be separate kennels available for many of the dogs, and the general kennel will receive unusual attention. When necessary to put the animals to sleep, it will be done by lethal gas to induce a quick, sure death. It is expected that a new manager will be appointed to have charge of the new pound, as the present administration has been characterized as one "of filth and inhuman treatment."

### The Dreamers

Louise C. Knight wrote a letter some time ago to a Boston paper with which we heartily agree, though, of course we know many will think all of us who hold such an idea are fools. Here are the closing paragraphs of her letter:—

Who are the "dreamers" who believe that a great nation would be rendered helpless by abolishing its armaments and that the last of armaments "would establish the millennium almost over night"? Some time ago Carl Schurz said: "Our strongest . . . coast defence will consist in Fort Justice, Fort Good Sense, Fort Self-Respect, Fort Good Will and, if international differences arise, Fort Arbitration." That is only one voice of many from the past whose words might be quoted. Was he a dreamer that he placed qualities of mind above material battlements?

Today there are those among the most far-seeing and the wisest men and women of all the most advanced nations who believe that the time is ripe for disarmament by example. They see no practical steps being taken toward gradual disarmament by the nations, in spite of their repeated declarations and signing of pacts, and they believe that one of the great nations should boldly lead the way and, by abolishing all armaments, prove the sincerity of the fine words their highest officials have so loudly spoken relating to universal peace. "Where there is a will there is a way."

Remember the American Humane Education Society when making your will.



CHICAGO'S NEW \$55,000 MUNICIPAL DOG POUND

### Killing 300 to Destroy 76

THE NATURE MAGAZINE gives us a fine illustration of what it means to interfere with that balance in nature that generally takes care of certain evils far better than our legislators can. It seems that because the goshawk in Pennsylvania was supposed to be exterminating the ruffed grouse (the hunter of course never admits that he is responsible for the killing off of game), a bounty of \$5 was offered for each one killed in the state. Here is what happened from November, 1929, to May 1, 1930:—Only 76 actual goshawks were presented for bounty. Besides these, however, there were presented, and apparently paid for, 165 red-tailed hawks; 120 Cooper's hawks; 84 red-shouldered hawks; 28 marsh hawks; 9 sharp-shinned hawks; 7 rough-legged hawks; 4 sparrow hawks; 3 broad-winged hawks; 3 duck hawks; 1 pigeon hawk; 1 osprey; 1 short-eared owl; and 1 great-horned owl.

The stomachs of all the hawks in proper condition were examined; the reports of these corroborate in the main the generally accepted conclusion that the goshawk, Cooper's and sharp-shinned hawks are the most destructive, while the others named are either beneficial or so rare that their depredations are practically negligible. Nevertheless, the destruction of nearly 300 beautiful birds, most of which were admittedly beneficial to man, was justified by the Game Commission because a much lesser number of injurious ones were taken.

And, strange to say, after the destruction of these 300 useful birds the stomachs of only 12 goshawks showed that they had eaten any ruffed grouse.

### Our Good Will Club

We have now, in addition to Mrs. Hogue, another representative in San Diego, California, Mrs. Idress Yager. Already mention of her splendid work among children has appeared in *Our Dumb Animals*. We are pleased to see that a place was given her on the program of the twenty-third annual convention of the State Humane Education Association, when she spoke upon "Children's Good Will Club, a Factor in Humane Education." From one of the principals of a San Diego school we have the following hearty endorsement of Mrs. Yager's work. We quote in part:

The "Good Will Club" of the Andrew Jackson School is rounding out its first year—a year which has been full of activity and in which many plans for future

work have been made. The club has as its chief objective "Humane Education."

The children love their club:—they radiate the club slogan of "Justice, Kindness and Good Will." Most fortunate are the children in having Mrs. Idress Yager as their director. Her love for and understanding of children, together with her keen interest in Humane Education make her an ideal leader.

During the summer vacation meetings were held regularly and interest was never allowed to lag. Interesting programs were planned—so interesting and worth while to the children that attendance was 100%.

### Wanton Destruction of Wild Life

We are glad to see the magazine *Time*, October 27, vigorously condemning the wanton slaughter of 17 whales by one Warwick M. Tompkins, from the yacht "Wander Bird." Killing for the pleasure of killing may be a pastime of some barbaric age but in this age it should be counted a crime.

From a city in Germany comes a story of a similar brutal deed. It tells of two monoplanes from the flying school at Warnemuende which flew low over the water of the game preserve there, wreaking havoc among the feathered population of the harbor.

Apparently wantonly the two aviators, seeking flocks of wild ducks and geese rising in thick clouds from the water, swooped down through the mass. Thousands of birds were torn to pieces by the impact, and fishermen were kept busy for hours thereafter collecting heads, wings and legs. Feathers lay like snow upon the water.

The Society for the Protection of Animals is seeking these heartless aviators.

There have been reported to us in this country aviators who have been guilty of the same outrageous destruction of waterfowl.

### A Novel Work

There is in New York City an organization known as the Metropolitan Federation of Daily Vacation Bible Schools. Every day last summer from July 7 to August 1, 272 of these daily schools met, the morning ones at 9, and the afternoon ones at 2. We learned of this novel undertaking of which Mr. Walter M. Howlett is secretary, through one of our members who is deeply interested in it and tells us of a letter from the secretary which said that "Kindness to Animals" was the theme of one of the schools for the summer. From such seed sowing who can tell the harvest?



## Late Robin

ELEANOR HALBROOK ZIMMERMAN

*The fledglings are all gone;  
The year is at the turn;  
On woodland, field, and lawn  
The autumn colors burn,—  
When hark, upon the eager, listening ear  
The sweetest robin-song of all the year!*

*Hushed is the warbler's flute  
Where the still wood grows down  
To the blue lake, and mute  
The singers of field and town,  
But for this gallant one whose shining  
word  
Is like a breath of spring in autumn heard.*

## Crested Quail

ESTHER E. REEKS

**A**MONG the interesting sights of the West coast region are the partridge-like birds with striking plumage and conspicuous black crests that stand up prominently above their heads. These are quail, of which there are several closely related species in this part of the country.

Most conspicuous of these is the California quail, a plump brown and bluish-gray bird with black and white markings, scaled cape and belly, and a crescent-shaped crest larger at the top than at the bottom. It and its sub-species, the valley quail, frequent the lower regions and are most often seen because of their less secretive habits. They are comparatively fearless of man where they are protected, and gather in large numbers about many of the semi-wild parks of their native haunts.

When in California, the writer never tired of watching them feeding on the mast of the live oaks just above Fern Glen in Griffith Park on the outskirts of Los Angeles. As one approached their feeding ground, they would scurry off to cover with necks outstretched and crests dropped forward, with now and then a questioning call of "Who-are-you-ah?" But as soon as the intruder was quietly seated, they would reappear a few at a time, until the whole band would be picking up the small acorns almost at one's very feet.

The mountain, or plumed quail, is a bird of the higher regions, and is more cautious about being seen. It is a trifle larger than the California quail, is much the same in general color, but without the scaled effect and lacking the heavy white line above the eye. Its crest is longer and more slender, and instead of curving toward the front, points straight up or is dropped back in horizontal line. This is a somewhat more northern bird than its relative and used to greater cold, but when heavy snows fall on the mountains it migrates to the lower regions where food is more easily obtained.

The feeding habits of these species are such as to make them beneficial to the land, as their diet consists chiefly of grasshoppers, beetles, ants, and other insects, weed seeds, and wild berries.

In the West, as in the East, quail are considered the finest of game birds, and the original numbers of California and mountain quail have been greatly reduced by pot hunters. They are now, however, protected by law throughout most of their range, and their continued existence in comparative abundance is well assured.

## What to Do for the Birds in Winter

BESSIE L. PUTNAM

**I**N Norway people do not feel that they have finished their Christmas greetings until they have placed a sheaf of grain on the housetop for the birds. We may easily go one better by giving them a food table during the entire winter. They learn readily to depend upon us and will suffer if forced to shift to some other way in the worst weather. A small allowance of suet is ample for some of our winter birds, and bread crumbs or waste grain will supply the many which do not care for the suet. Commence as early as Thanksgiving, if you wish, or any time later that you are ready.

Have your feeding station where it can be conveniently seen from the living room. In this way you can get a lot of fun out of the small service given.

An enjoyable method is to make a perch across the window and placed a few inches below the top of it. Lower the window from the top and fasten three or four small tacks or hooks in the top of the sash. From each of these suspend a piece of suet tied around with a cord. The suet can be renewed as necessary without going out in the cold simply by lowering the window and fastening it from the inside. The birds are safe from cats, and all of their movements can be easily watched.

Don't worry about how you are going to get the birds to come to your feast. They'll look after that, and you will be surprised at how soon the first one will find it. You will be surprised again at how soon the word seems to be passed from one to another. With us the chickadee is usually the first to find the suet. It is the most friendly of all our winter birds, and very graceful in all of its movements. It is easily recognized by its small size, black cap, and its little *dee-dee-dee*.

The white-breasted nuthatch is another regular visitor. It is a little larger than the chickadee, and not quite so chubby. It has the same black, white, and gray coloring, which help to conceal it in the snowy branches, but it has a slimmer head and a longer bill. It makes a sort of nasal *drrr* noise as it hunts over a neighboring tree trunk for grubs. In this it does what you

will not find any other bird doing, it goes head downward quite as often as right side up. In this way it has two view points of the same spot, and lucky is the grub which escapes its sharp eyes.

Both chickadee and nuthatch take a back seat when a woodpecker comes. They just fly to a near tree and wait until the perch is vacant. There are two woodpeckers common at the country feeding station. The downy is the smaller and the more friendly. It is black and white with barred wings, and a bright red spot on the back of the neck if it is a male. The female shows only black and white. It is interesting to watch how the downy uses its tail to brace itself while eating, after the manner of all woodpeckers.

When the hairy woodpecker comes, even the downy slides away. You can easily tell it by its larger size and more vehement pecking. Like the downy, only the male has the bright red on the nape of the neck.

The harsh calls of the blue jay are often heard, especially when a storm is in the air. There is a flash of color, and all the other birds yield place to the jay, which takes such big mouthfuls of suet that we wonder if there will be any left for the other birds. But it likes peanuts and all the smaller grains quite as well.

The tufted titmouse, a gray bird with a prominent crest, may be a new one to you. But there is almost always some special feature which makes it easy to recognize the different birds. The blue jay, cardinal, cedar bird, and tufted titmouse all have conspicuous crests, but one would never mistake any one of them for any of the others.

The cardinal male is a flaming red. Its mate is olive green with a dash of red on the beak, wings, and feet. It very rarely shows any interest in suet but will eat freely of cracked corn or other small grain if it is scattered about the lawn.

Bob-whites are attracted also by the small grains. Fortunately you may count yourself if a covey of them happen to come to the yard. They will eat their fill and then perhaps group themselves into a cluster and go to sleep just as they do in their



MOUNTAIN QUAIL OF PACIFIC COAST STATES

native woods. In this circle each individual always has its head pointing outward. We have seen them take their places in it more than once, and always in the same way. As the circle nears completion the last ones back into their places. With the wise arrangement of nature that the heads all point outward, on the first disturbance the birds scatter in flight and are in part saved from gunshot.

Ring-necked pheasants will also partake of the feast of grain. The males are especially beautiful with their iridescent plumage and white collars. In spring you may catch one of them in the act of crowing. The noise is a comical one, like that of a young rooster cut short in his first attempt to crow.

Each locality has its local birds. Try the experiment of placing food for them and rest assured that you will have interesting bird visitors, some, perhaps, that you did not know were residents. There are economic phases well worth considering, while feeding the birds may be made quite as entertaining to the grown-ups as to children.

### An Invitation to Horses

MAUDE WOOD HENRY

Come all you horses, far and near,  
Now do not say us "neigh,"  
There'll be a feast again this year  
For you on Christmas Day;  
A food-tree in Post Office Square—  
And all good horses must be there.

You'll not refuse, we hope, poor beasts,  
For you who know the storm,  
The cold and snow, have need of feasts  
To hearten you and warm;  
And on this great day of the year  
You well deserve your bit of cheer.

So hasten to the Horses' Tree  
And bring your drivers, too,  
That they may also eat, and see  
The gifts we have for you;  
Which Boston people have prepared,—  
For rich and poor alike have shared.

And as you go upon your way  
Along the streets and roads,  
You'll understand why Christmas Day  
Oft lightens heavy loads;  
Why Christmas trees give joy to others—  
So Merry Christmas to you, brothers!

### EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

#### An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, Charles G. Bancroft and Philip Stockton, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

## "Nellie"—Spirit of the Wild Bronco

ROXY M. MICKEY

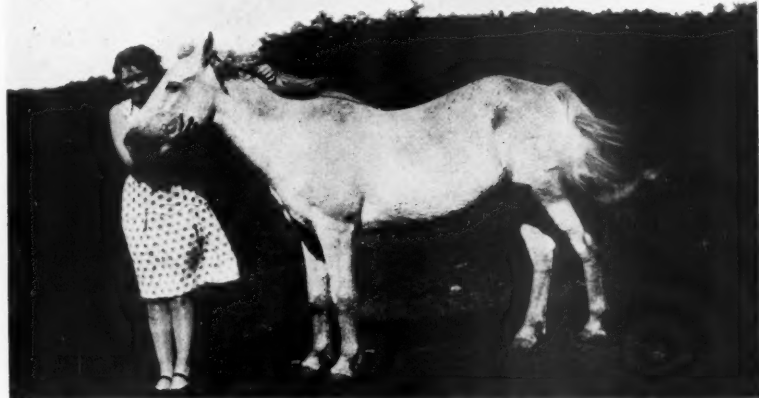
NELLIE" was a bronco, from the land of the Red Man before Oklahoma became a state, when the horse trader sold her to our family. She was ten years old, branded D. C., ridden, and commented about, as gentle. She did not look more than three years old, and her gentleness proved to be thoughtfulness, for the spirit of the West was still with Nellie.

I remember how she raised her pretty little head defiantly and perked her ears up, as she regarded us children. And we clambered about her, eager for our turn to ride her to the pond and back. So Nellie became the family horse. We children rode her always. She was the buggy horse, and

feet. She daintily lifted each foot and passed carefully over my body and stopped a few feet beyond.

Today, with Nellie 35 years old, and our family living in town, we have given Nellie a last tribute for the happy days she gave us. She is enjoying her old-age pension in a nice green pasture a few miles from town, where we may visit her when we choose.

Tomorrow I may go to see her. A wild, fiery little Nellie will gallop over the meadow. The stranger remarks, "Wild as a colt." But with my arms around Nellie's neck, I stroke her mane and think: "She is a thoughtful Nellie still, with the spirit of youth and the free prairies."



"WITH MY ARMS AROUND NELLIE'S NECK, I STROKE HER MANE"

in tight situations when an extra horse was needed, assisted in pulling the plow. But never did the fire and zest and the joy of living leave her. In the pasture she galloped, raced and pranced, as a horse of the plains.

Always the observer would remark to us when we drove her to town or the country store: "Wild horse for children, ought to be broken." But we knew and learned to love her. She gave more thought to our safety than strangers knew. After we were once in the buggy, she would lift her proud little head staunchly, and clap, clap, clap, down the road, we laughing merrily behind.

Vividly, I recall the incident of the drunken man in a car, who met us on a narrow country road. He came straight toward us. Good old Nellie, she thought quicker than any of us. She jumped clear of the fence, drew the buggy front wheels to it, then stood still and quivering until the man went on. We helped her back over the fence, and petted her frightened body. Not a scratch was found on horse or buggy.

To her I again give the credit, the day the saddle came loose and slipped under her belly. But she stood still and patient until it was removed. Again I praise her, the day I fell from her, while riding bareback, and into the road in front of her

### The First Newspaper Advertisement

S. LEONARD BASTIN

Nowadays, when such enormous sums are spent on advertising in the press, it is interesting to recall that this particular form of publicity started in quite a humble way. Strangely enough, one of the first advertisements in connection with which money was paid for insertion, had to do with the loss of a horse. In a London publication known as *The Moderate*, a journal which appeared in 1649, there was printed the following notice:

READER, thou art entreated to enquire after a blackish kind of piebald nag, very poor, his face, feet and flank white, and a little white tip on his tail. He was stolen from grass from John Rotherman of Barnet, in Hertfordshire. Whosoever will enquire, find him out, and bring, or send tidings of him, shall have what content they will for their pains.

From an announcement in a later issue of *The Moderate* it is pleasant to know that this advertisement was a success. A few days after the appearance of the notice the horse was located by a person several miles from where it was stolen.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
E. A. MARTOTT, State Organizer

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, a supply of special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Four hundred and ninety-four new Bands of Mercy were reported during October, nearly all being in schools. Of these, 218 were in Massachusetts, 90 in Virginia, 64 in Rhode Island, 40 in Georgia, 28 in Pennsylvania, 23 in Texas, 17 in Illinois, five in Tennessee, four in Connecticut, and one each in Colorado, Mississippi, Missouri, New Jersey and New York.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 179,069

### An Unusual Letter

133 Zabriskie St.,  
Jersey City, N. J.  
Oct. 30, 1930

Dr. Rowley:

Dear Sir: We have all resolved to form a humane club, that is the children in this block. The meetings are held in my cellar. We already have had one meeting. My mother arranged the program and she made up some songs for us. Then we all told stories of different animals. We made such a lot of noise that my mother said we should meet in the cellar. So I tacked up all the pictures of animals I found and made it just like a club-house. I was voted for president and Martin Baliatico, age 16, for secretary. I am 14½ years old. Since Monday more children from other streets have heard about it, but mother said that I could form a Band of Mercy. We decided to name it the "Pansy Club," which means tenderness and thoughtfulness.

This was our resolution: "I pledge allegiance to the Humane Society and to the cause for which it stands. A plea to humanity for justice to all animals." Now we are going to adopt your pledge.

LOUIS BOUER, President

This bright lad sent in 31 names of those he had already secured to join the new Band. We congratulate Louis on his enterprise and hope other boys will follow his example.

### Humane Education in Wabash County, Ill.

Mr. D. L. McClintock, agent for the Humane Society of Wabash County, Ill., had a splendid exhibit of animal posters at the educational tent at the Wabash County Fair in September, which elicited the endorsement of J. T. Timberlake, County Superintendent of Schools. An attractive picture of this display appeared in the *Daily Republican-Register*, Mt. Carmel, Oct. 16. Among the posters shown were several made in schools of Massachusetts.

## Christmas Eve

JESSIE M. DOWLIN

How proud the cattle  
In their stalls might be,  
If they could know  
That long ago  
A manger cradled  
Christ of Galilee.



### To a Cat

PERSIS GREELEY ANDERSON

*His whole existence is a dream.  
His future is a nine-page scroll.  
His eyes are meditative slits  
Where one can glimpse the mystic soul.*

*His every want is tended by  
The goddess of the blue-rimmed dish.  
His sole philosophy is sleep,  
His destiny is cream and fish.*

*He worships at the human shrine  
And offers up a wistful purr.  
He bears no gift—but lo, himself  
Is gold and frankincense and myrrh!*

### Talking Dog Wins Medal

"Princess Jacqueline," a registered French bull, known as the "talking dog" of Waterville, Me., owned by Mrs. Mabel A. Robinson, received one of the twelve medals presented by the New York Anti-Vivisection Society recently. This remarkable dog has won many blue ribbons at the Boston and other dog shows, and received this award because of her linguistic ability. The story of her attainments and her portrait appeared in *Our Dumb Animals* for April, 1928, and her picture appeared again, without the proper identification, in our issue for October last.

## The Boy and His Dog

Editorial in *Evening Star*, Washington, D. C.

GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," declared the youngest and longest-lived of the evangelists. A touching instance of this climax of affection is reported from Washington State, where a ten-year-old lad stepped protectingly and deliberately between his dog and the muzzle of a gun.

The result was not the laying down of a life, for only a shoulder wound resulted, but the fact remains that this small boy faced, for anything he knew to the contrary, grim death itself in order to save his "friend"—for if the dog is known the wide world over as the friend of man, he is doubly so the friend of the small boy who holds his ownership and his entire devotion. It was an older boy, actuated by a spirit of mean bravado, who pulled the trigger of the potentially lethal weapon, but he does not enter the inspiring picture except incidentally.

The combination of small, restless and affectionate boy and of adoring dog is ages old and approaches perfection as closely as anything we have on this earth. Many a pet, purebred or mongrel, has hurled himself unhesitatingly into fatal fray in order to protect his small master, and under many a small-sized, none too clean, gingham shirt or checkered jumper exists a reciprocally chivalrous spirit as fine as anything Galahad ever experienced. A boy is a wonderful thing; a good dog scarcely less so, and the combination of the two has virtues and advantages scarcely to be comprehended unless by those who once were boys and once owned dogs.

The participants in such a partnership enjoy a happy communion of spirit scarce possible even between a boy and his chum. They share adventures rich and sometimes racy; they share actual guilt and untrue suspicion thereof with a sublime serenity. The dog shares his master's sandwich with as great a nonchalance as he contributes fleas to the small human person. In spite of strict family prohibition, they often share the same bed. To the immortal category of Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan and Roland and Oliver, let there be added Any Boy and His Dog. The one great disadvantage in the scheme of things is that the boy becomes a man while the dog becomes but a beloved memory. Perhaps Providence so decrees it lest the ultimate parting wrench become unbearable.

### Many Bands in Chicago

The Hibbard school of Chicago has been organized into 29 Bands of Mercy, with 1,400 pupils recorded as having taken the pledge. This is 100 per cent of the membership of the school. This was accomplished through the efforts of Mrs. J. E. Stral, chairman of humane education, with the able assistance of the principal and teachers.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE



P &amp; A Photos

"AND DON'T FORGET TO STOP ON MY ROOF"

ARMED with a handful of succulent reindeer moss, Brian McFadden, 4-year-old tot of Seattle, Wash., makes friends with one of a herd of reindeer recently brought to Seattle from Alaska. In the course of their conversation the young caller made certain that Santa Claus' helper knew his address and that Brian expected the team to stop there on their Christmas Eve journey.

## Christmas in a Barn

JULIA VAN DER VEER

OUR old barn is joyful,  
This is Christmas day;  
Blessed be a manger —  
Where a Christ-child lay.

Apples in the grain box,  
Flakes of yellow hay;  
Let the beasts be happy —  
Christ was born today!

## Jim Crow, a Smart Bird

ARTHUR THATCHER

JIM is a talking crow in the town of Fidelity, Illinois. He was taken from a crow's nest about two years ago and belongs to William Tuetken, in whose home he has become a most interesting pet. At an early age the young bird began to talk and he has developed a remarkable vocabulary to which he constantly adds new words.

Recently, it became necessary for Jim's owner to clip the bird's wings in order to keep him at home. Jim had been in the habit of making long flights to neighboring farm-houses and visiting with the residents who know the bird and welcome his coming.

A short time after the beginning of school, Jim flew to Medora, which is a distance of two miles from the Tuetken home, and visited the public school which was in session.

He alighted on the ledge of one of the windows, and, after

inspecting the room full of children from his perch, he began to talk and laugh uproariously.

The actions of the big, glossy, black bird brought a round of tittering from the children, and, as they laughed the bird continued to laugh that much louder. The teacher went toward Jim and drove him from the window ledge. He took refuge in a neighboring tree where he continued to call and talk, apparently directing his remarks toward the school-room and the teacher. An hour or so later he flew away and returned to his home.

Jim is engaged this fall in helping with the corn husking. He rides on the edge of the wagon-box and drives the team with his voice. When it is time for the wagon to be moved, Jim will call out to the team, "Get up." When the wagon has advanced far enough, he will call out "Whoa," in the most efficient manner.

"He can drive the team in the corn field just as well as I can," stated Mr. Tuetken, in discussing some of the bird's many abilities.

## John, the Gardener

WILLA HOEY

JOHN is a gardener who, from his small corner, radiates kindness towards the dumb creatures. It has been my privilege to see him at work, and it is a delight to behold him busily engaged, with a squirrel or bevy of pigeons perched on his shoulders.

His pockets seem to contain an exhaustless store of peanuts for the squirrels, bread or cake for the birds, and sugar for his numerous horse friends.

Men who deliver in the vicinity where John is employed say that it is quite a common occurrence for them to find their horse and wagon gone on their return from calling upon a customer. Sometimes the horse will travel blocks, driverless, to visit his friend and receive the sugar, which is always waiting for him.

This kindly soul has been instrumental in creating regard for their horses in hitherto thoughtless drivers, and his keen interest in bird and animal life has done much towards awakening in dormant hearts a love for God's dumb creatures.

## Good-night, Sleepyheads!

M. LOUISE C. HASTINGS

GOOD-BY, Good-by to Autumn  
And gaily colored trees,  
Chipmunks storing chestnuts  
Against old winter's breeze;  
Woodchucks traveling slowly,  
Growing fat and still, —  
All the winter sleepyheads  
Stuff themselves at will.

When the wintry weather  
Sends its cooling blast,  
Bears and coons and woodchucks  
Seek their dens, at last,  
Skunks and snakes and chipmunks  
Disappear from sight,  
Snuggle warm and cozy  
Through their months of night.

### The Foxes Are Out

ELEANOR BALDWIN

*Here in the warmth of the sun,  
Here in the light of the sky,  
With buses and trams wheeling by,  
On shoulders,—the lean and the stout,—  
The foxes are out!*

*The tawny, the black, and the gray,  
At the shining Communion rails,  
The small dead feet and the tails,  
Decking the chaste and devout—  
The foxes are out!*

*At the club, the bridge, and the tea,  
The cunning, the canny, the fleet,  
Dangling head-down in the heat,  
(With a clasp devised from a snout)  
The foxes are out!*

*Torn by the teeth in the snow,  
Chained by the steel and the stake,  
Writhing for Vanity's sake—  
God! what is it about!  
The foxes are out!*

### Mr. Talbot in the Schools

In October, Mr. L. Raymond Talbot, representing the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., spoke before 2,180 pupils in senior and junior high schools in Chicopee, Agawam, South Boston, Scituate, Westboro and Charlton, illustrating his talks with stereopticon views. He explained the anti-steel-trap bill pending in Massachusetts, and in one instance the principal became so interested that he urged the pupils to ask their parents to vote for the bill. In another school, a last year's principal is reported to have said: "Every boy totes a gun as soon as he is old enough to lift it, and kills everything." On October 18 Mr. Talbot addressed 300 teachers at the State Teachers' Association, Concord, New Hampshire.

### Material for Chicago Schools

We have already announced that humane education is to be introduced into all the Chicago schools. Superintendent of schools William J. Bogan has advised Mrs. Hunt that the Board of Education issued a bulletin, October 9, last, which was sent to all schools, as follows:—

"Instructional Material—Humane Society: Mrs. Charlotte M. Hunt, president of the Chicago Humane Education Society, sends word that instructional material relating to kindness to animals may be obtained and that those teachers who lack material are advised to write for it."

### The Convention at Niagara Falls

SELDOM has the American Humane Association held a more interesting and profitable meeting than that of this year, at the Niagara Hotel, Niagara Falls, N. Y., from October 6 to 9. There was a delightful spirit of co-operation throughout. The large attendance by delegates from Canada and the presence of Mr. William J. Elliott, director of the National S. P. C. C., London, England, added a distinctly international tone to the proceedings. Indeed Mr. Elliott, with his affable personality and his masterly address Monday evening, won the plaudits of all. He was immediately made an honorary member of the Association, a procedure without precedent in the organization.

At the conclusion of the sessions relating to children's work, Tuesday afternoon, the delegates enjoyed the famous Niagara Gorge trip by trolley cars and a visit to the Niagara Falls Power Plant. In the evening they were guests of the Niagara Chamber of Commerce in a trolley trip to view the illumination of the Falls.

Very practical topics of interest to animal protection societies were discussed Wednesday. The report of Mr. H. J. Koenig of the Institute of American Meat Packers on the efforts of that organization to introduce humane slaughtering was enlightening and most encouraging from the humane point of view. Dr. Rowley, chairman of the Association's special committee, had just returned from a demonstration at Chicago and testified to the sincerity of the Institute's efforts and stated that the goal so long sought for seems about to be realized. Other subjects were the veterinarian's problem, by Dr. W. A. Young of Boston; animal transportation, by Mr. John M. Wilson, Toronto; and animal clinics, by Mr. Robert F. Sellar, St. Louis.

Humane education was given special attention, the addresses by Miss Frances E. Clarke of the Maxwell Training School, Brooklyn, N. Y., and of Miss Margaret Rochester of Buffalo, stirring the delegates to an animated discussion. Mr. J. C. Hadley of Erie, Pa., showed by moving pictures how a very successful Be Kind to Animals Week parade may be carried out. Miss Marshall Saunders of Toronto told of writing "Beautiful Joe," and Guy Richardson of Boston related references to animals by English and American poets.

At the public meeting Wednesday evening eloquent addresses in behalf of animals were given by Rev. William C. Compton, president of the Humane Society of

Rochester, N. Y., and by Right Rev. James Fielding Sweeny, bishop of Toronto. The meeting closed Thursday noon after a session devoted to general discussion of problems in work for animals. Practically the same officers of the Association were re-elected for the ensuing year. President Sydney H. Coleman and General Manager N. J. Walker received many congratulations upon the well-planned program and its efficient presentation.

### A Welcome Christmas Gift

Why not remember your friends this Christmas with a copy of the American Humane Education Society's Calendar for 1931? It is now ready for delivery. It is the handsomest yet published.

"Christmas at 'Home, Sweet Home,'" is the title of the colored picture from the Osborne Co. It shows a horse and dog in front of the Long Island home of John Howard Payne.

The leaves of the pad, one for each month, contain the usual valuable humane hints on the care of animals and are especially adapted to use in Schools.

Price: 20 cents per single copy, two for 35 cents; \$1.80 per dozen, post-paid to any (single) address. *Please send orders early to avoid disappointment.*

Address: The American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

### SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT

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None.

Guy Richardson, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this fourteenth day of October, 1930.

[Seal] L. Willard Walker, Notary Public  
(My commission expires Jan. 30, 1931.)

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All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

#### RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY  
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

For each five dollars contributed to either Society, the giver is entitled to have two copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, additional to his own, sent for one year to any persons whose addresses are mailed to us.

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

#### TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

#### FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of ..... dollars, (or, if other property, describe the property).



